THE LEEK.

A POEM ON St DAVID's DAY.

Moſt Humbly Inſcrib'd to the Honourable

SOCIETY of *ANTIENT BRITONS*, Eſtabliſh'd in Honour of Her ROYAL HIGHNESS's Birth-Day, and the Principality of WALES.

By *N. GRIFFITH*, Eſq;

Pan fo ſôn am Ddigoniant,
Dy roi'n vwch pob Dewr a wnant! *Tudur Penllyn.*

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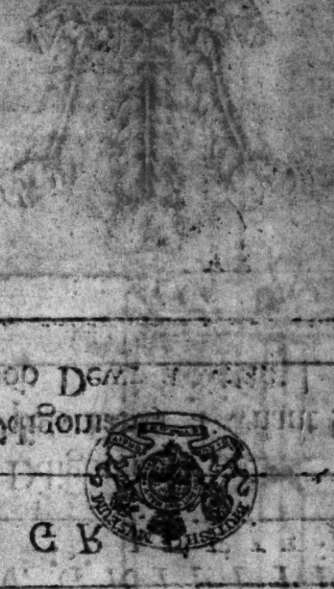

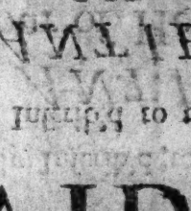

Moſt Humbly Inſcribed to the Honourable

SOCIETY of ANTIENT BRITONS,

Erected in Honour of Her Royal Highneſs

Birth-Day, and the Principality of WALES

ST. DAVID's DAY:

OR

THE POEM

OF

LEEK.

THE
LEEK.

HAIL to the Day, that crown'd with DAVID's (Name,
Stands conſecrated to eternal Fame;
Thy glad Solemnities his Worth ſhall ſpeak,
That foil'd the *Saxons*, and obtain'd the LEEK:
While in our glowing Breaſts the Patriot's Praiſe
Shall warm Incentives to new Honours raiſe.

So, ſacred *Bards* of old, in Layes inſpir'd,
The Youth to noble Emulation fir'd;
High Deeds of Anceſtors to view they plac'd,
And urg'd to future Glory from the paſt.

O BRITONS! could the Muſe give Rage ſo ſtrong,
And furniſh Numbers equal to the Song;
Your own AUGUSTUS ſhould not daunt her Flight,
Nor LONGUEVILLE hear unpleas'd what ſhe'd recite.

NOW had *Britannia* long endur'd the Weight,
Of all the Woes that preſs a ſinking State:
Hard Fortune bore; but yet ſaw worſe behind,
And Foes ſtill riſing as her Strength declin'd.
The *Saxons* then, a People fam'd afar,
Well diſciplin'd to Government and War,
(Their Fleets o'er ſpacious Fields of Ocean ſpread,
And mighty *Woden*'s Sons their Armies led)
Bend their whole Force to ſeize the waſted *Iſle*,
Yet no cheap Conqueſt found, nor bloodleſs Toil.
But many a brave tho' fruitleſs Struggle paſt,
The *Britons* only cou'd retreat at laſt.

Then DAVID roſe, a venerable Seer,
In Sanctity of Life without a Peer,
By Heaven ordain'd freſh Ardor to infuſe;
And in theſe Words their Courage he renews.

And is it thus, our Country we defend?
Muſt then the *Britiſh* Name inglorious end?
Not ſo our Fathers ſhun'd the fatal Field,
Or to the Conqu'rors of the World did yield:
Not ſo theſe very *Saxons* e'er cou'd boaſt
The ſmalleſt Share of our dear Country loſt:
Is it for Love of Life, we're Cowards grown?
Oh, what is Life when *Liberty* is gone!
Can we live Slaves beneath the Victor's Hand?
Or Fugitives in our own Native Land?

Stung with the juſt Reproach, they all declare
Once more to try the nobler Fate of War;
Each Boſom burns with the old generous Flame,
And for the Fight they now a Leader claim:
Fall'n in the War are all our Chiefs, they ſaid,
And who but DAVID can our Armies head?
Thy ſelf of our once glorious Royal Line,
Nor does thy Virtue from thy Birth decline!
They bravely for our Country gave their Breath,
And thou ſhalt lead to *Liberty* or *Death*.

Then ſtrait diſpers'd; nor his Reply attend,
And quick th' Alarm thro' their whole Nation ſend:
All catch the Word; and ſtudious of the War,
The Inſtruments of Battel now prepare;
To the bright Sword its keeneſt Edge impart,
New ſtring the tough Yeugh Bow, and point the Dart.
Ev'n hoary Age rekindling Vigour warms,
And beardleſs Youth eſſay the Weight of Arms.

Mean while the Pious Chief, with anxious Thought,
Menevia's ſolitary Deſart ſought.
A Land forlorn and waſte; the ſteril Ground
Did with bare Stones, a hopeleſs Crop! abound:
Nor here the yellow Harveſt e'er was ſeen,
Nor Paſture cloath'd the Soil with chearful Green;
No riſing Woods the naked Surface hide,
Nor winding Streams the joyleſs Glebe divide;

On the bleak Coaſt the gath'ring Tempeſts ſwell,
And only whiſtling Winds for ever dwell.

Seven Times his radiant Courſe the circling Sun
Along the Azure Plains of Heav'n had run;
As oft the Moon advanc'd with borrow'd Light,
To cheat the gloomy Seaſon of the Night:
While here alone the tedious Term he paſs'd,
In heavy dumb Affliction; till at laſt
With guſhing Tears he gave his Griefs a Vent,
And loudly did his Country's Fate lament:
Proſtrate on Earth his Pray'r to Heav'n addreſs'd,
And thus the Anguiſh of his Soul expreſs'd.

O POWER SUPREME! whoſe everlaſting Sway
Nature and all her varying Turns obey;
Nor varying are to Thee; but conſtant ſtill,
The ſteer Effects of thy own Sov'reign Will!
Thy wide Dominion ſpreads to ev'ry Land,
And Empires riſe and fall at thy Command.
Gracious, thy *Britain* now behold! e'er while
Thy choſen Nation, and thy favour'd *Iſle!*
With thy indulgent Bleſſing amply crown'd,
Peace undiſturb'd and Plenty ſmil'd around;
That other Lands were happy, as they ſhar'd
Of what our overflowing Fulneſs ſpar'd.
But more, e'en Heaven it ſelf deſcended here,
And *Goſpel* yet but dawning did appear;

Here *firſt* did in the Regal Purple ſhine,
And ſav'd a *Lucius* and a *Conſtantine*:
And from the vaſt Succeſs it here obtain'd,
Aſſent from Nations unbelieving gain'd!
Why then ſuch Miracles of Goodneſs ſhewn,
Doſt thou in Anger now reject thy own?
But ah, the Cauſe too eaſy to unfold!
Oh Shame! Oh Grief! Oh Horror to be told!
Our Guilt! ---- How fatally our Guilt conſpires
To juſtify the worſt thy Wrath requires!
And who, ah who, from the Infection free?
What Age, or Sex, Profeſſion, or Degree?
Our Princes graſp at dire unbounded Pow'r,
Not to protect and govern, but devour:
Faith, Law, nor Reaſon, circumſcribe their Sway,
And none are Subjects who are not their Prey!
Judges, Partiality and Bribes pervert,
Nor longer they will Equity aſſert:
The Priſoners ſigh, th' Oppreſs'd appeal to Thee,
For none will hear on Earth to ſet them free!
Ev'n we, thy Prophets, greater yet the Shame!
Prophets (nor worthy that) alone in Name!
Ev'n we, as if to pull thy Vengeance down,
The common Guilt too weak, add all our own:
In th' empty Title, much, too much, we pride,
But all the painful Duties lay aſide:

No longer now is *Peace on Earth* our Care,
Good-Will to Men no longer we declare:
We a new Function to our selves create,
To raise Dissentions and embroil our State:
Habitual Sloth still deadens what we preach,
And Luxury is all, we practically teach!
No wonder our abandon'd Flocks transgress,
When we their Pastors sin to such Excess!
Corruption of our Manners loudly cries ---
Defiance to, or Vengeance from, the Skies:
How then can Justice hold its lifted Hand?
Nor thou avenge thy self on such a Land!
Ah! hence, 'tis hence thy angry Judgments flow!
And this the fatal Source of all our Woe!
This brought the *Pagan Saxons* to our *Isle*:
This gives us to the Sword, and to the Spoil;
This does in Dust our Habitations lay;
And ev'n thy Temples mix with common Clay!

Yet Guilty as we are; with Pity see;
Distress'd, we humbly bow our selves to thee!
Righteous we own the Judgments thou hast sent;
Confess and loath our Vileness, and repent.
For thou, (and thine alone it is to do)
Can'st give Repentance, and Remission too!
O! yet return; our low Estate behold,
Record thy Loving-kindnesses of Old!

Again thy long absented Succour lend,
Nor make a full irrevocable End.
Ev'n now in vain we arm against the Foe,
Unless thou forth wilt with our Armies go:
We else but meet our Fate, and hasten down
Fell Ruin, on a People once thine own!
Vengeance, 'tis true, thy *Justice* may demand;
But cannot *Mercy* spare a guilty Land?
He spoke; and soon were all his Sorrows left,
And holy Transports his whole Soul engrost:
Comforts Divine profusely on him flow'd,
Scarce could Mortality sustain the Load.
Grateful he took the Proof of Heav'ns Regard;
Nor fail'd in Praises that his Prayr was heard.
He feels new Springs of lively Vigor beat,
And now inspired with more than Martial Heat,
Direct to *Isca* takes his way; for there
The *Britons* had appointed to repair.
Isca then was: *Isca* an ancient Town,
For splendid State, and goodly Structure known.
On Walls of Brick, *Rome's* nicest Art, were found
The lofty Ramparts that her Circuit bound.
'Twas long e'er envious Time could quite efface
All Tracks of Pristine Grandeur from the Place:
Here stop'd the gazing Traveller to behold
Heaps, that were spacious Palaces of old;

That once advanc'd in all the *Roman* Pride,
Far by their gilded Pinacles descry'd.
The famous Tow'r of huge Gigantick Size,
That seem'd aspiring to invade the Skies;
And Baths, that such Magnificence did boast,
Now in the dark promiscuous Rubbish lost.
Here the three Temples that of old had been,
Were only in their awful Ruins seen:
And there a Length of Wall, still nodding, told,
It once did Circques and Theaters infold.
Nor only these, but ev'n within the Ground
Were subterranean Edifices found:
There Aquæducts with wonder strike the Eyes,
And curious vaulted Passages surprise;
And Lamps conceal'd (stupendious Pow'r of Art!)
Did, like the Sun above, due Warmth impart.
The whole the utmost Force of Skill express'd,
And well its *Roman* Origin confess'd.

From the brave Legions here *Caerlheon* came;
In after Ages *Isca*'s other Name.

Here too the Patriarchs fix'd their pompous Seat,
Till DAVID chose *Menevia*'s poor Retreat:
His poor *Menevia*, more for Heaven inclin'd,
Which suited best his *Poverty of Mind*.

On *Oske*'s fair Banks the noble City stood,
And sent her loaded Gallies down the Flood.

Tall Hills aloof defend againſt the Storm,
And ſhady Groves the beauteous Landskip form:
The riſing Town o'erlook'd the Chryſtal Tide,
And Meadows ſpread beneath their verdant Pride.

Here from all Parts the *Britons* form their Way,
And forward ſpring to the important Day.
Succeſſive Shouts along the Air rebound,
And the ſhrill Trumpets mix their brazen Sound.
Each Band beneath their proper Chiefs advance,
Who at their Head on neighing Courſers prance.

The ſtout *Silures* firſt the Battel fought,
Them to the Field their great *Tredegar* brought.
In him the true old *Briton* beſt was ſeen,
The generous Soul ſincere, and artleſs Mien:
Not large Poſſeſſions could elate his Mind,
But ſtill he knew himſelf of Human Kind:
He ne'er the Pomp of ſwelling Titles priz'd,
But ſaw through the thin Outſide, and deſpis'd;
In vain they his plain honeſt Heart would move,
There, the ſole Paſſion was his Country's Love!
Such Glory does *Tredegar*'s Name afford!
And his *Silures* worthy ſuch a Lord!
They, a couragious Race, inur'd to War,
Untaught the Yoke of Servitude to bear;
A ſtubborn People them the *Romans* ſtile,
Whom Force could not ſubdue, nor Fraud beguile.

When *Claudius* raging, their Deſtruction ſwore,
And proudly ſaid, their Name ſhould be no more;
Their noble Souls exaſperated grew,
With Indignation, ſtrait to Arms they flew:
'Twas he, the bold *Caradoc!* led them on,
Nor ſure a braver *Britom* e'er was known:
Not brutal Raſhneſs in his Boſom glow'd,
Nor vulgar Courage his Atchievements ſhew'd;
Sedate amidſt a Thouſand Deaths he ſtands,
Nor leſs himſelf than the whole Hoſt commands:
His high Attempts right Conduct ever crown'd,
Nor great *Caſſibelan* was ſo renown'd.
Ev'n in Diſgrace, (ſo Providence ordains!)
Still the ſame Greatneſs of his Soul remains:
Th' illuſtrious Captive from his native Home
They bore, in Triumph to expoſe at *Rome*;
Not ſo his Dignity of Carriage claim'd;
Ev'n *Claudius* to Humanity was ſham'd!

Next, the Co-partners of *Siluria*'s Fame
Into the Camp the rough *Dimetæ* came.
Audöen leads from *Penbro*'s fertile Ground,
And Coaſts where Fiſh and foreign Wines abound,
Where Winds, acroſs the ſtreighten'd Ocean, bear
Salubrious Breezes of *Hibernian* Air.
In ſhining Equipage, *Vaganus* went
Before the Troops *Ceretica* had ſent;

From tow'ring Hills, and low descending Plains,
That hold the sparkling Oar in silver Veins;
And from the Champain Lands, along the Coast
On which the loud *Vergivian* Waves are tost'd.

Caerwyter does his *Meridunian* head,
From the fair Region that old *Merdhin* bred,
The *Britons* ever to his Lore attend,
And but with Time it self his Predicts end.

The *Ordovices Celemundel* brought,
They for the native Freedom longest fought:
A Race, whom fierce impetuous Ardor warms,
And ever ravish'd with the Clank of Arms!

From the *Valdwinan* Country they proceed,
Renown'd for Horses of the choicest Breed:
From *Mediolanum* their glad Way they take,
And hasty Marches from *Maglona* make.

From the *Mervinian* Mountains they descend,
That ragged Tops among the Clouds protend;
So thick together, too their Heights they rear,
They hang almost contiguous in the Air,
That oft the Shepherds, as their Flocks they guide,
Hold Talk from bellying Rocks on either side:
But if in homely Taunts they once engage,
And kindle up their angry Souls to Rage;
Scarce the whole Length of Summer Days allows
The Clowns to meet beneath and fall to Blows.

From

From the dark Isle, the *Druids* ancient Seat,
(Who in thick Woods did myſtick Rites repeat)
Mona, that with her Wheat all *Cambria* fed,
They march along with *Merig* at their Head.

From old *Segontium*, and the *Gangan* Shore,
Where the *Hibernian* Ocean's Billows roar,
Ruffinus led, who did his Lineage trace
From the great Princes of the *Britiſh* Race.
From the ſublime *Arvonian* Alps they go,
Whoſe Heads are white with everlaſting Snow:
They follow *Gedior* from *Eryri*'s Sides,
And from the Vallies where *Conovius* glides.

They come that on the *Denbian* Confines dwell,
Where high the bare unfruitful Mountains ſwell:
Yet there, to ſhew how Nature can command,
She ſpreads the faireſt Vale in *Britiſh* Land;
There the gay Pomp of Woods and Meads appears,
And *Clwyd* along in wanton Mazes errs:
They with *Robartas* leave the pregnant Soil;
And *Salbur* ſummons to a nobler Toil,
Nor more the Joys of blooming Life have Charms,
His *Country* calls the gallant Youth to Arms!

From Lands, where *Roman Varus* left his Name,
And *Elwy*'s Banks with *Dawides* they came:
From the rich Hills, where Minerals are found,
And Fields with bending Harveſt early crown'd:

There *Alen*'s Streams beneath the Mountain flow,
And run unſeen their ſilent Courſe below;
E'er long they burſt again to open Day,
And through the Dales in looſe Meanders ſtray.

They come, in diſtant *Melor* that reſide,
And they, that drink of *Deva*'s holy Tide.

Selected out of all, the choſen Band
Fell to the brave *Cadwgawn* to command:
In graceful Aſpect he excell'd, and beſt
In his bold Look the Soldier ſtood confeſs'd.
Him DAVID did with glad Surpriſe behold,
And thus his inward Joy the Prophet told.

O *Briton*! now we ſee Heaven's kind Intent,
And thou the Angel of Deliv'rance ſent:
O welcome to the Camp! nor only ſhare,
But thine be all the Honours of the War!
Thee a long Train of Victories await;
Haſte, O Reſtorer of *Britania*'s State!
Full well, nor is the Omen vain! I ſee
The old *Caradoc* live again in thee:
Be it thy Taſk his Footſteps to purſue,
And keep the glorious Pattern ſtill in view:
In thee may his bright Conduct ever ſhine,
And oh, may his propitious God be thine!

Mean time; the Enemy no leſs prepare,
And all their Pow'rs aſſembled for the War.

Conqueſt thus far attends our Arms, they ſaid,
And ſhall we now a vanquiſh'd People dread?
Long ſince our warlike Sires expell'd the Race,
And left us but the Fugitives to chaſe.
With ſuch inſulting Boaſts the *Saxons* arm,
And to the Field in untold Numbers ſwarm.
When now they had the *Britiſh* Camp in ſight,
They call a Council to ordain the Fight:
There ſoon the eaſy Meaſures were agreed,
And forth they gave the Signal to proceed.
Then impious *Foſta* a loud Outcry made,
And thus with vain Harangue their March delay'd.
Saxons! ah, whither haſte we thus away,
When now the Sun has meaſur'd half the Day!
Believe me, (once alas! a *Briton* too)
The Work is not to fight, but to purſue:
Think you ſo vaſt a Toil is thus ſuſtain'd,
And only, like the Battel, quickly gain'd?
Or do you in Compaſſion wiſh, that Night
May cover the vile Wretches in their Flight?
Elſe ſure, with early Day ſhould be begun,
A Chaſe not finiſh'd with the ſetting Sun!
Mark my Advice then, and no leſs propoſe
Than now at once to crush our hated Foes:
Urge to its laſt Advantage the Defeat,
And all your Victories in this complete!

But leſt perchance, while hot Purſuit we make,
We ſhould each other for the Foe miſtake;
Let us aſſume ſome fit Diſtinction all,
To ſhew the raging *Scots* where not to fall!
He ceas'd: In Shouts they give their glad Aſſent,
And the whole Air with Acclamations rent.
They halt, and into Line of Battel drawn,
Expect impatient the next Morning's Dawn.
Nor wanted the Diſtinction; near they found
A fertile Field with riſing Verdure crown'd:
They pluck the beauteous Plants, whoſe Blades aſcend,
And their green Length from ſilver Roots extend;
Then on their Head-Plates, with too timely haſte,
The happy Sign triumphantly they plac'd.
Rang'd in the Front, a baſe perfidious Brood
Of odious Renegado *Britons* ſtood:
Them *Foſto* marſhal'd on the guilty Plain;
And faithleſs *Gurmund* with his *Iriſh* Train.
Him thence the *Britons* did invite at firſt
To aid againſt their Foes, himſelf the worſt!
His lawleſs Tribe wide Devaſtations make,
But moſt on ſacred Piles their Fury wreak.
The *Saxon* Kings each his own Subjects led,
And all acknowledg'd *Cynric* for their Head.
The potent Monarch, whoſe ſuperior Sway
Princes of other Provinces obey!

The

The Chief did the *Weſtſeaxnan* Scepter wield,
And brought a thouſand Squadrons to the Field.

O'er the *Suthſexins Arskwin* did preſide,
Who loud the *Britons*, and their God, defy'd:
Aloft he ſhook his Spear; by *Woden*, *Thor*,
And all his Gods, the mad Blaſphemer ſwore!

Ermenric, who from *Hengiſt* claim'd Deſcent,
March'd fiercely from the fatal Shores of *Kent*:
There firſt the *Romans* trod on *Britiſh* Ground;
And there the *Saxons* their firſt Entry found,
In three ſmall Barks, and under the Command
Of *Hengiſt*, and of *Horſa*, came to Land.

O *Vortigern*! may thy deteſted Name
Be ſtill deliver'd down to endleſs Shame!
Thou Traitor, who for a curs'd *Saxon* Maid,
Thy Crown, thy Country, and thy Faith betray'd!

Next valiant *Saithelm*, the *Eaſtſeaxnan* King,
Did to the Field his ſturdy Vaſſals bring.

And Lords unnumber'd of inferior Name,
From all the Lands as far as *Tweſis* came.

And now the ruddy Morn ſprang forth to Sight,
Streaking the Eaſtern Skies with bluſhing Light.
The ſprightly Trumpets tell th' Approach of Day,
And the rouz'd Horſes for the Battel neigh.
Loud Shouts from either Hoſt like Rage declare,
And clatt'ring Arms reſound the Din of War.

So two fierce Lions on the *Lybian* Plains,
Roar from afar, and ſhake their brinded Manes;
From fervid Noſtrils Clouds of Smoke they breathe,
And ſpurn with griping Paws the Sand beneath.

Before his *Britons* their great Leader ſtood,
With careful Eye the whole Batalion view'd:
Then ſtretch'd his Arm, at which from either End
They cloſe their Ranks, and half around him bend.
When lo! with dread Amazement they perceive
The ſolid Ground with quick Convulſions heave;
Till by degrees the Earth officious rears,
And high a Throne of graſſy Turf appears.
The Miracle, to Joy their firſt Surpize
Soon chang'd, and Peals of Praiſe aſcend the Skies.
The while, to fight unmov'd, the Godlike Man
Commanding Silence mounts, and thus began:

Once more, O *Britons!* thus in Arms we ſtand,
T' attempt the Reſcue of our Native Land.
Our glorious Fathers oft in Battel try'd,
What this Great Day for ever muſt decide!
This the important Criſis of our Fate,
Compleats our Slav'ry, or reſtores our State!
The Treach'rous *Saxons* now, with lawleſs Might,
Pretending Title, have uſurp'd our Right.
But how their Claim commenc'd, your ſelves may ſee,
Or briefly ſum'd, receive it thus from me:

Long had gay Halcyon Days on *Britain* shone,
To *Rome*'s politer Arts and Manners won:
Nor could her *Cæsars*, when they gain'd our Coast,
Throughout their World so fair a Province boast:
Hence the fierce Soldier did the Cohort grace,
And hence *Ruffina*'s beautify'd their Race.
But Empire has its Date; nor could ev'n *Rome*
Assert Exemption from impending Doom.
Her Councils sage, and Arms victorious, fail!
Nor all the Pow'r of *Britain* drain'd avail!
Sole Monarchy, and wide Extent of Sway,
To its own Ruin does it self betray:
Far distant Realms at once distract her Reign,
(Invaded or revolted) to retain.
Nor wanted civil Feud, and mad Debate,
The certain Prelude to a falling State!

With *Rome* fell *Britain*; and abandon'd lay
To ev'ry rude Invader now a Prey.
In vain she now would back require her Sons,
And to loose Air she gives her fruitless Groans!

The *Picts*, a savage Race from Men expell'd,
The *Caledonian* Wilds and Forrests held:
In Routs along the Waste they howl for Food,
Or fream in Sounders through the trembling Wood.
Them Time to come the *Highland-Clans* shall name;
In all but Appellation still the same!

But

But oh! ſhall ever *Britons* join their War
Or languiſh for ſuch Raviſhers the Fair!
Theſe leave their Haunts, with Luſt and Rapine foam,
And in dire Havock o'er *Britania* roam;
Nought but Maids Shrieks, and Infants Cries are heard,
And Fire and Sword through all the Region glar'd.
Ev'n Flight would here have fail'd its poor Redreſs,
And only but have doubled the Diſtreſs:
The heaving Waves gape hollow Death before,
And Rage behind and horrid Slaughter roar;
On either Hand a wretched Choice is found,
Or to be Butcher'd there, or here be Drown'd!
Yet was not *Britain* doom'd (if doom'd at all)
By theſe, but nobler Hands at leaſt, to fall.
For then, or Chance, or Deſtiny, brought o'er
A Crew of wandring *Saxons* to our Shore:
In right good Time the welcome Gueſts propoſe
To join their Arms, againſt our barb'rous Foes;
And if too weak the Aid they could impart,
Their whole brave Nation ſhould our Rights aſſert!
Then ſoon the urgent Meſſage was diſpatch'd,
Which no leſs eagerly the *Saxons* catch'd:
Pouring from their own Lands whole Droves arrive,
Nor fail the Villain *Picts* away to drive.
But then, alas! behind new Ruin lies;
What Foes more dang'rous than too-ſtrong Allies!

Inhoſpitable Arms on us they bend;
And ſeize what they were ſent for to defend:
Worſe than the very *Picts*; outrageous grown,
They challenge now our Kingdoms for their own!
Our Fathers long their Violence withſtood,
And ſeal'd their Country's Love with dying Blood!
But ſee! now here they come! Theſe, theſe are they,
That claim our Country and our Lives their Prey!
Bear bravely on to Vict'ry and Applauſe!
Britons the Men! and *Liberty* the Cauſe!

Britons and *Liberty*! aloud they cry;
In Shouts as loud the *Saxon* Hoſt reply:
Then ſtrait from twanging Bows the Arrows ſent,
On Death's firſt diſtant Errands ſwiftly went;
The feather'd Storms pour thick from either Side,
And in dark Clouds the whole Horizon hide.

So each collected Show'r of harden'd Rain
Comes pitt'ring all at once upon the Plain:
Quick the next Burſt ſucceeds, that ſcarce between
Short darting Intervals of Light are ſeen;
Till the whole Tempeſt ſpent, the Skies grow fair,
Smiling anew, and all ſerend the Air.

Then *Arnkwin* ſtarted forth, and as he ſpoke,
Infernal Fury his whole Fabrick ſhook;
His blood-ſhot Eye-balls ſparkl'd livid Flame,
And Sounds from his wide Mouth, ſcarce Human, came,

Deſtroy!

Daſtards! he bawl'd; ſee your Deſtruction there;
By all the Gods, by this Right-Hand I ſwear,
Now ſhew the Proweſs you ſo idly boaſt,
Or ſay, are all your doughty Heroes loſt?
Are they from the firſt Charge already flown,
Or, like your God, inviſible now grown?

Then DAVID forward ſprung with ardent Zeal,
And thus reply'd; Behold, vile Infidel!
I ſend thee, Wretch, with thy own Eyes to prove,
If now thou ſeeſt him not, a God above!
Then with full Force, he the pois'd Jav'lin threw,
And certain of the Mark it whizzing flew:
Full in his gaping Mouth the Weapon ſped,
And nail'd his venom'd Tongue up to his Head.
He falls, tho' ſtagg'ring firſt a while he ſtood,
And vomits out his Soul in Clots of Blood.

Alike in th' other Wing proud *Gurmund* far'd,
Who bold *Cadwgarun* to the Combat dar'd;
Advance, he cry'd, if yet thou fain wouldſt know
The mighty Feats a *Gurmind*'s Arm can do!
No upſtart Hero, high Deſcent I claim,
From Anceſtors that fill the Rolls of Fame!

Why, (he return'd;) is all this Boaſting ſhewn?
Vain Man, puff'd up with Honours not thy own!
Tread in their Steps, or call no longer thine
The Glories of the long illuſtrious Line!

Thy broken Faith, nor yet too late, renew;
Honour alone in Honour's Way purſue!
Fool that thou art! the other ſtrait reply'd;
Honour takes as I pleaſe to either Side:
But hold, and hurling then his bearded Dart,
Here, Babler, take my Anſwer in thy Heart!
From his ſtrong Arm it ſhot along the Field,
The *Briton* ſoon receiv'd it on his Shield:
Nor ſtay'd, but back he ſent the ſwift Reply,
That harmleſs paſſing, glanc'd upon his Thigh.
To the cloſe Fight they then together came;
Their Courage equal, and their Strength the ſame.

Like two four Bulls, that ruſhing on the Meads,
Aim furious for the Shock their curled Heads:
They ſtrike, they puſh, with claſhing Horns they gore,
And from hoarſe bloody Throats tremendous roar:
The while, at Gaze the Herds on either Hand,
Mute, panting for their Champion's Fortune, ſtand.

With ineffectual Force the Warriors ſtrike,
Skilful to ward the coming Blows alike;
Long thus the dubious Combat they maintain'd,
Nor either loſt the Day, nor either gain'd;
Till *Caradoc* raging, heav'd a deadly Blow,
That meant at once to cleave the *Briton* thro';
He took the falling Thunder on his Shield,
But ſtun'd with the huge Force, he backward reel'd.

Yet ſoon again recov'ring to his Feet,
Haſted th' advancing Enemy to meet;
Full at his Head a noble Stroke he made,
And ſprawling on the Ground th' *Hibernian* laid;
Then thro' his Boſom his bright Sword he bare,
And loos'd the Traytor's ſpotted Soul to Air.

The *Britons* ſee! nor more their Leaders know
To hold them in from Darting on the Foe.
As when a Torrent is by Dams withſtood,
The crowding Waters ſwelling to a Flood,
Ruſh on at laſt, and with reſiſtleſs Sway
Sweep Fences, Crops, and Villages away;

Strait with a gen'ral Shout they onward broke,
Nor could the *Saxons* ſtand the furious Shock:
O'erborn at once impetuous on their Rear,
Themſelves upon their own Deſtruction bear.
Whole Ranks mow'd down together load the Plain,
And on, the *Britons* climb o'er Hills of Slain.
There, ſhorten'd of his Head, *Kanmera* dy'd,
A Mungril *Saxo-Pict*; and by his Side
Darvanter fell, their nobleſt Youth of all;
And worthy in a better Cauſe to fall!

No longer can they now ſuſtain the Fight,
And *Foſta* howling led the ſcatter'd Flight:
With trilling Fear the ghaſtly Recreant ſhook,
And all around the ſwift Contagion took;

From one to one the Conſternation ſeiz'd,
And each his own and Fellow's Fright encreas'd.
They run; but fatally convinc'd, ſoon find
Their Fears and Foes not to be left behind.
Not once to Face they turn 'em, as they fly,
Or ſee the hoſtile Hand by which they die.
Along a dismal Havock mark'd the Road,
With Limbs, and LEEKS, and ſhatter'd Armour ſtrew'd.
Eager Purſuit all Day the *Britons* made,
Till coming Night the bloody Labour ſtay'd:
Sounds the Retreat; when all their Colours ſeek,
And each his Helmet grac'd with *Saxon* LEEK.

Enough, O *Britons!* then their DAVID ſaid,
Sheath in the Scabbard now the weary Blade;
Return to needful Reſt, repoſe away
The ſore Fatigue of the laborious Day.
Sacred ſhall be to Morrow's Light, ordain'd
To ſolemn Joys, for Victory obtain'd.
With LEEKS adorn'd we'll glad Proceſſions go,
And pay to Heav'n the Debt of Thanks we owe:
Our Praiſe from Morn to Ev'ning ſhall aſcend,
Nor with the Day, nor with our Lives ſhall end!
Then--But the pious Offices remain
To our brave Friends here for their Country ſlain;
Decent their dear Remains in Earth we'll lay,
And Tears and unavailing Honours pay:

O glorious Men! to Death you faithful stood,
And dy'd your Native Soil with noblest Blood;
Shed while it yet was warm in the just Cause
Of *True Religion*, *Liberty*, and *Laws*!

He spoke; their Approbation all declare,
And gladly to their sev'ral Tents repair.
'Twas now the dead still Season of the Night,
The Moon stole softly to Meridian Height;
The silent Stars all faint and languid grow,
And all was hush'd and undisturb'd below:
The Chief, with the dull Weight of Sleep oppress'd,
Sunk down, and lay diffolv'd in balmy Rest.
In the soft Chains tho' fast the Senses bound,
Yet Fancy still proceeds its airy Round,
Ev'n then his *Britain*'s Fate employ'd his Thought,
And to his View this pleasing Vision brought.

A Virgin came, yet more than earthly Fair,
Tall was her Stature, and Divine her Air;
Loose her Attire, her Tresses unconfin'd
In Ringlets wav'd, and wanton'd in the Wind;
Her larger Eye-brows, with a manly Grace,
Enforc'd the milder Beauties of her Face.
By full-blown Charms, and chearful Aspect shown,
The Presence of gay LIBERTY was known!
With a bold Smile the bright celestial Maid,
The Chief, in daz'ling Glory loft, survey'd;

Then from her lovely Mouth ſweet Accents broke,
And thus in melting Melody ſhe ſpoke.

O Leader, favour'd with high *Heaven*'s Regard!
Her Patriot, how ſhall LIBERTY reward?
My *Britons* owe their Rights upheld to thee;
Long ſhalt thou live their happy Times to ſee;
With Bleſſings heap'd thy good old Age ſhall bend,
And to the Grave in perfect Peace deſcend:
Nor this enough to thee; whoſe publick Mind
Its Care extends to Ages yet behind;
Ev'n anxious for thy Country's future State!
Behold! I come her Fortunes to relate.

Thus then Almighty Wiſdom has decreed,
Long with inteſtine Wars the *Iſle* ſhall bleed:
Tho' all *Loegria* theirs the *Saxons* boaſt,
They'll find too hard to keep what *Britons* loſt.
New Nations yet ſhall come, and theſe will feel
The Wrongs repay'd, they now to others deal:
Invaſions ſhall their ſettl'd Rule annoy,
And ſtill freſh Conqueſts ſhall the old deſtroy.

Their wild Confuſions, then a while, ſhall grant
The Reſpite which the haraſs'd *Britons* want:
Ah! could they civil Diſcord then refrain,
How might they win their ancient Realms again!
But oh! to their own Weal and Int'reſt blind!
(As if they Ruin for themſelves deſign'd)

Againſt their own, they impious Arms engage,
And *Britiſh* Victims fall to *Britiſh* Rage!
And thus ſelf-conquer'd, they at laſt ſhall grow
A Prey too eaſy to the common Foe!
Yet not ſo far the Conqueſt ſhall obtain,
But ſtill the Race ſhall unextinct remain!
Nor Time itſelf their Language e'er conſume,
That, uncorrupted till the Day of Doom!

And now, O Saint! the better Proſpect view,
See a long Courſe of golden Years renew!
Thro' the whole *Iſle* the Jars at length ſhall ceaſe,
The Nations all unite in endleſs Peace!
One Government, nor with unequal Rule,
From *Kernaw* ſhall extend to utmoſt *Thule*!
Nations diſtinct no more; but all the ſame,
And *Britain* the *One* univerſal Name!

Then HEAVEN itſelf the Monarchs ſhall ordain;
And chuſe a Race o'er *Britons* fit to reign:
The bright Succeſſion in a Prince ſhall riſe,
Brave, Potent, Pious, Provident, and Wiſe!
Him, true Vicegerent of the King Supreme,
The Good ſhall honour, and the Bad blaſpheme!
Not Brutes ſhall his juſt Laws of Reaſon bind,
But guard and govern Creatures of his Kind!

Then *Tyranny*, her Empire to regain,
Shall her laſt Efforts make, but make in vain!

From Men for ever exil'd she shall go,
With all her Plagues to rule her Hell below!

Nor must the ambient Sea his Pow'r confine,
New Provinces he shall to *Britain* joyn!
The *Saxon Elbe* shall swell her copious Tide,
With wealthy Freights her own rich Shores provide;
And *Thamis* shall with the Burthen groan,
And make the foreign Product all his own.

Such his Decrees, who o'er the happy Lands
Shall gently then extend his mild Commands.
Glad Subjects shall be forward to obey,
And Peace and Plenty bless his Righteous Sway!

And when he to immortal Crowns above
Shall (late if Vows and Pray'rs avail!) remove;
His Regal Virtues deathless shall survive,
And in his SON, again the FATHER live!

HE, to perpetuate such a glorious Race,
Shall wed a PRINCESS of superior Grace:
And SHE, a *Cæsar*'s Nuptials shall decline,
To be the Mother of this greater Line.

Roll on ye Years! around be swiftly hurl'd,
And give the promis'd Princess to the World!
Shed your best Influence then, ye Stars, on Earth!
And happy Omens tell th' auspicious Birth!

When the long Tract of Time shall finish'd be,
This Day, O Saint! th' auspicious Birth shall see:

This

This Day, that ſtill its DAVID's Name ſhall bear,
And LEEKS adorn in each revolving Year!
Britons ſhall then be ſooth'd from War's Alarms
To mutual Love, by her Celeſtial Charms.
Exhauſtleſs Bleſſings from the Fair attend,
And ſee the Progeny from Heav'n deſcend!
But moſt the *Britons* of the Antient Line
Shall date new Joys from the propitious Sign:
This ſhall yet raiſe to Triumphs more ſublime,
And mark *This Glorious Day* to the laſt End of Time!

FINIS.

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